

from  
**A White House Diary**  
*Lady Bird Johnson*



▲ **Critical Viewing** What does this photograph reveal about the mood in the moments leading up to the assassination? [Infer]

It all began so beautifully. After a drizzle in the morning, the sun came out bright and clear. We were driving into Dallas. In the lead car were President and Mrs. Kennedy, John and Nellie Connally,<sup>1</sup> a Secret Service<sup>2</sup> car full of men, and then our car with Lyndon and me and Senator Ralph Yarborough.

The streets were lined with people—lots and lots of people—the children all smiling, placards, confetti, people waving from windows. One last happy moment I had was looking up and seeing Mary Griffith leaning out of a window waving at me. (Mary for many years had been in charge of altering the clothes which I purchased at Neiman-Marcus.)

Then, almost at the edge of town, on our way to the Trade Mart for the Presidential luncheon, we were rounding a curve, going down a hill, and suddenly there was a sharp, loud report. It sounded like a shot. The sound seemed to me to come from a building on the right above my shoulder. A moment passed, and then two more shots rang out in rapid succession. There had been such a gala air about the day that I thought the noise must come from firecrackers—part of the celebration. Then the Secret Service men were suddenly down in the lead car. Over the car radio system, I heard "Let's get out of here!" and our Secret Service man, Rufus Youngblood, vaulted over the front seat on top of Lyndon, threw him to the floor, and said, "Get down."

Senator Yarborough and I ducked our heads. The car accelerated terrifically—faster and faster. Then, suddenly, the brakes were put on so hard that I wondered if we were going to make it as we wheeled left and went around the corner. We pulled up to a building. I looked up and saw a sign, "HOSPITAL." Only then did I believe that this might be what it was. Senator Yarborough kept saying in an excited voice, "Have they shot the President? Have they shot the President?" I said something like, "No, it can't be."

As we ground to a halt—we were still the third car—Secret Service men began to pull, lead, guide, and hustle us out. I cast one last look over my shoulder and saw in the President's car a bundle of pink, just like a drift of blossoms, lying on the back seat. It was Mrs. Kennedy lying over the President's body.

The Secret Service men rushed us to the right, then to the left, and then onward into a quiet room in the hospital—a very small room. It was lined with white sheets, I believe.

People came and went—Kenny O'Donnell, the President's top aide, Congressman Homer Thornberry, Congressman Jack Brooks. Always there was Rufe right there and other Secret Service agents—Emory Roberts, Jerry Kivett, Lem Johns, and Woody Taylor. People spoke of how widespread this might be. There was talk about where we would go—to the plane, to our house, back to Washington.

### Literary Analysis

**Biographical and Autobiographical Writing**  
Which words in this passage tell you that Johnson's writing is autobiographical?

### Reading Strategy

**Finding the Writer's Main Points and Support**  
Which details does the writer use to support her main point that she was in disbelief about the shooting?

### Reading Check

Where are the Johnsons taken after a shot is heard?

1. **John and Nellie Connally** John Connally, then Governor of Texas, and his wife, Nellie.  
2. **Secret Service** division of the U.S. Treasury Department, responsible for protecting the president.

Through it all Lyndon was remarkably calm and quiet. He suggested that the Presidential plane ought to be moved to another part of the field. He spoke of going back out to the plane in unmarked black cars. Every face that came in, you searched for the answer. I think the face I kept seeing the answer on was the face of Kenny O'Donnell, who loved President Kennedy so much.

It was Lyndon who spoke of it first, although I knew I would not leave without doing it. He said, "You had better try to see Jackie and Nellie." We didn't know what had happened to John.

I asked the Secret Service if I could be taken to them. They began to lead me up one corridor and down another. Suddenly I found myself face to face with Jackie in a small hallway. I believe it was right outside the operating room. You always think of someone like her as being insulated, protected. She was quite alone. I don't think I ever saw anyone so much alone in my life. I went up to her, put my arms around her, and said something to her. I'm sure it was something like "God, help us all," because my feelings for her were too tumultuous to put into words.

And then I went to see Nellie. There it was different, because Nellie and I have gone through so many things together since 1938. I hugged her tight and we both cried and I said, "Nellie, John's going to be all right." And Nellie said, "Yes, John's going to be all right." Among her many other fine qualities, she is also strong.

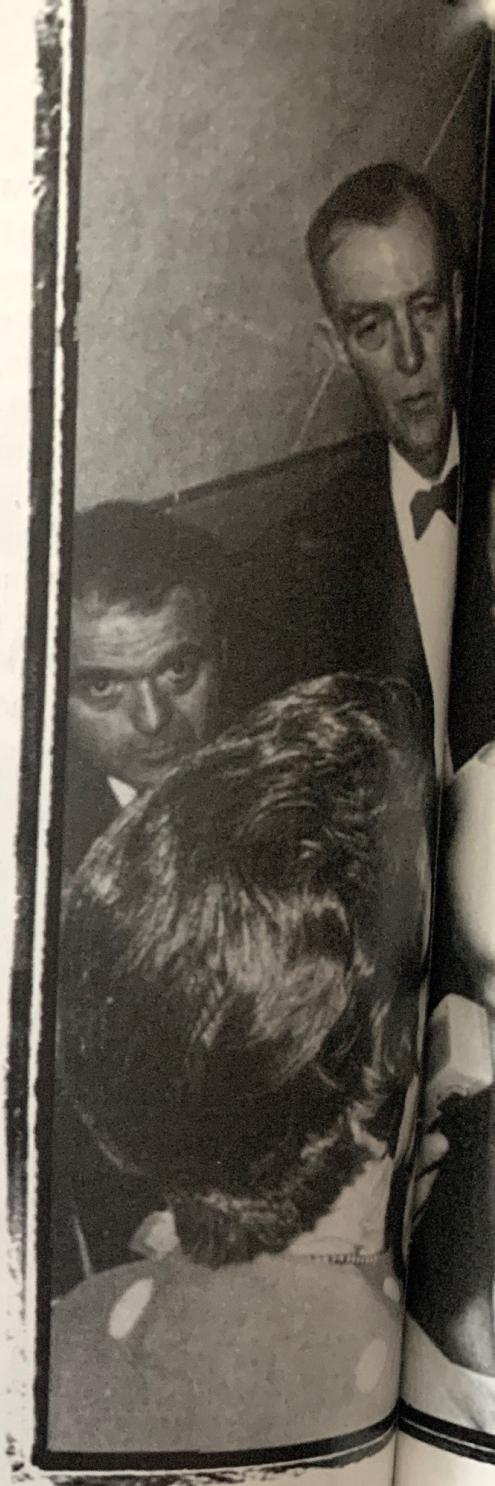
I turned and went back to the small white room where Lyndon was. Mac Kilduff, the President's press man on this trip, and Kenny O'Donnell were coming and going. I think it was from Kenny's face that I first knew the truth and from Kenny's voice that I first heard the words "The President is dead." Mr. Kilduff entered and said to Lyndon, "Mr. President."

It was decided that we would go immediately to the airport. Hurried plans were made about how we should get to the cars and who was to ride in which car. Our departure from the hospital and approach to the cars was one of the swiftest walks I have ever made.

We got in. Lyndon told the agents to stop the sirens. We drove along as fast as we could. I looked up at a building and there, already, was a flag at half-mast. I think that was when the enormity of what had happened first struck me.

When we got to the field, we entered *Air Force One*<sup>3</sup> for the first time. There was a TV set on and the commentator was saying, "Lyndon B. Johnson, now President of the United States." The news commentator was saying the President had been shot with a 30-30 rifle. The police had a suspect. They were not sure he was the assassin.

On the plane, all the shades were lowered. We heard that we were going to wait for Mrs. Kennedy and the coffin. There was a telephone



▲ **Critical Viewing**  
What do the group's facial expressions reveal about their feelings following President Kennedy's assassination? [Infer]

**tumultuous** (tōō mul' chōō  
əs) adj. greatly disturbed

3. **Air Force One** name of the airplane officially assigned to transport the president of the United States.



call to Washington—I believe to the Attorney General.<sup>4</sup> It was decided that Lyndon should be sworn in here as quickly as possible, because of national and world implications, and because we did not know how widespread this was as to intended victims. Judge Sarah Hughes, a Federal Judge in Dallas—and I am glad it was she—was called and asked to come in a hurry to administer the oath.

4. **Attorney General** chief law officer of the nation, head of the U.S. Department of Justice; at the time, the position was held by Robert Kennedy, the president's brother.

**implications** (im' pli kā'shanz) *n.* indirect indications

#### **Reading Check**

Why is it decided that Lyndon Johnson needs to be sworn in as soon as possible?

Mrs. Kennedy had arrived by this time, as had the coffin. There, in the very narrow confines of the plane—with Jackie standing by Lyndon, her hair falling in her face but very composed, with me beside him, Judge Hughes in front of him, and a cluster of Secret Service people, staff, and Congressmen we had known for a long time around him—Lyndon took the oath of office.

It's odd the little things that come to your mind at times of utmost stress, the flashes of deep compassion you feel for people who are really not at the center of the tragedy. I heard a Secret Service man say in the most desolate voice—and I hurt for him: "We never lost a President in the Service." Then, Police Chief Curry of Dallas came on the plane and said, "Mrs. Kennedy, believe me, we did everything we possibly could." That must have been an agonizing moment for him.

We all sat around the plane. The casket was in the corridor. I went in the small private room to see Mrs.

Kennedy, and though it was a very hard thing to do, she made it as easy as possible. She said things like, "Oh, Lady Bird, we've liked you two so much. . . . Oh, what if I had not been there. I'm so glad I was there."

I looked at her. Mrs. Kennedy's dress was stained with blood. One leg was almost entirely covered with it and her right glove was caked, it was caked with blood—her husband's blood. Somehow that was one of the most poignant sights—that immaculate woman exquisitely dressed, and caked in blood.

I asked her if I couldn't get someone in to help her change and she said, "Oh, no. Perhaps later I'll ask Mary Gallagher but not right now." And then with almost an element of fierceness—if a person that



▲ **Critical Viewing** This photograph shows Lyndon Johnson beginning to assume his duties as president. Based on the details in the photo, how do you think he felt at that time? Why? [Analyze]

**poignant** (poin' yənt) *adj.*  
drawing forth pity or compassion

gentle, that dignified, can be said to have such a quality—she said, “I want them to see what they have done to Jack.”

I tried to express how we felt. I said, “Oh, Mrs. Kennedy, you know we never even wanted to be Vice President and now, dear God, it’s come to this.” I would have done anything to help her, but there was nothing I could do, so rather quickly I left and went back to the main part of the airplane where everyone was seated.

The flight to Washington was silent, each sitting with his own thoughts. One of mine was a recollection of what I had said about Lyndon a long time ago—he’s a good man in a tight spot. I remembered one little thing he had said in that hospital room—“Tell the children to get a Secret Service man with them.”

Finally we got to Washington, with a cluster of people waiting and many bright lights. The casket went off first, then Mrs. Kennedy, and then we followed. The family had come to join her. Lyndon made a very simple, very brief, and, I think, strong statement to the people there. Only about four sentences. We got in helicopters, dropped him off at the White House, and I came home in a car with Liz Carpenter.<sup>5</sup>

5. Liz Carpenter Mrs. Johnson’s press secretary.

## Review and Assess

### Thinking About the Selection

1. **Respond:** What do you admire most about Lady Bird Johnson? Why?
2. (a) **Recall:** What are the writer’s thoughts about Mrs. Kennedy at the hospital? (b) **Deduce:** In what ways is Mrs. Kennedy alone?
3. (a) **Recall:** What is the most noticeable aspect of Mrs. Kennedy’s appearance when Mrs. Johnson speaks with her on *Air Force One*? (b) **Interpret:** In what way is wearing the clothing a tribute to her husband?
4. (a) **Recall:** Where does Lyndon Johnson take the oath of office? (b) **Support:** Which details from the text indicate that the Johnsons are up to the tasks before them?
5. (a) **Recall:** How does Mrs. Kennedy behave after the death of her husband? (b) **Compare and Contrast:** What similarities do you find between Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Johnson? Explain your answer.
6. **Assess:** Why might a diary entry be an effective way for a person to grieve and cope with a tragic event?

### Lady Bird Johnson

(b. 1912)



Texas-born Claudia Alta Taylor received her nickname at age two, when a nurse said she was as pretty as a lady bird.

In 1934, she married Lyndon Johnson, then a congressional secretary. Throughout her husband’s political career, Lady Bird was a most valued advisor and campaigner.

On November 22, 1963, after President John F. Kennedy was killed by an assassin in Dallas, Texas, Lady Bird Johnson became First Lady of the United States. Aboard Air Force One, the president’s airplane, Vice President Johnson took the oath of office to become the thirty-sixth president of the United States. On his left stood Kennedy’s widow, Jackie, her clothing still spattered with her husband’s blood. On his right stood his wife, Lady Bird.